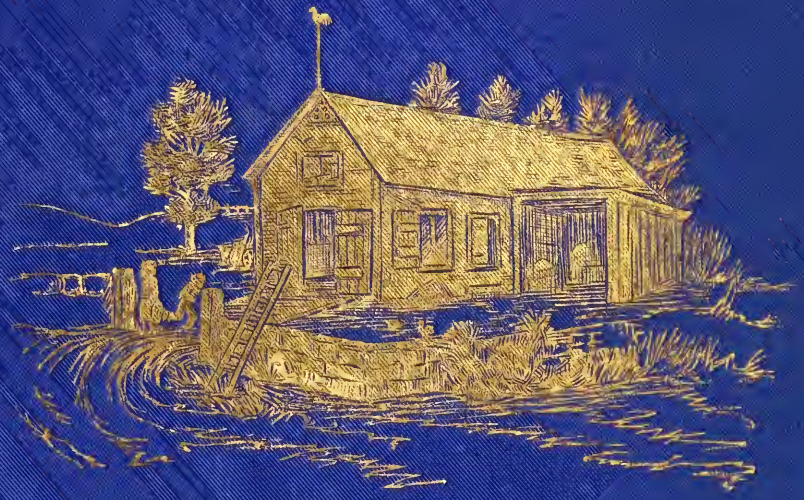
Meadow Melodies



by

Charles F. Gerry

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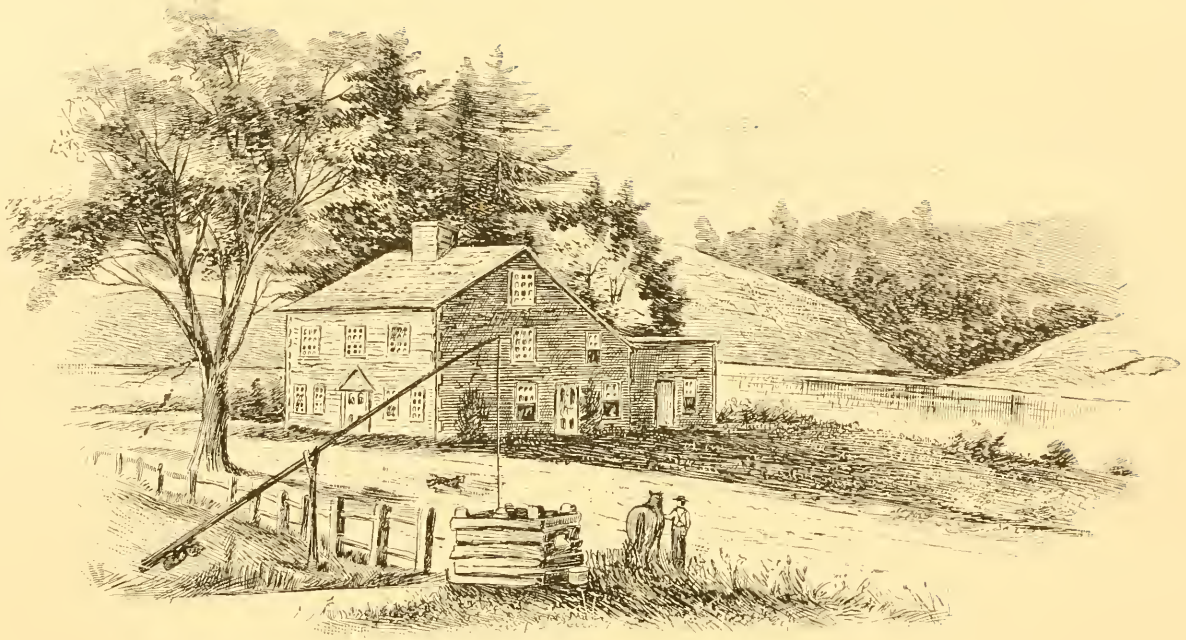

"THE HOUSE, THE WELL, THE AGED TREES,
IN GLAD REVIEW I SEE ONCE MORE,
AND LILACS, THAT IN SPRING-TIME BLOOMED
BESIDE THE DEAR OLD COTTAGE DOOR." (*Page 104*)

MEADOW MELODIES

BY

CHARLES F. GERRY

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS
10 MILK STREET NEXT OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE
1887

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CHARLES C. GERRY

Electrotyped and Printed under the Direction of
F. F. GERRY

Press of Berwick and Smith

TO

MY CHILDREN.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Day on the Sudbury River Meadows	13
The Bluebird	19
A May-day Ramble	21
A Day in Early Hay-time	23
The Scarecrow	27
A Morning in Spring	30
Hunting Birds' Nests	32
Dedication Ode	35
The Lincoln Boys	37
The Old Homestead	41
Katie	43
The Tryst of College Days	46
Fishing for Pouts	48
Grandmother's Garden	50
In the Old Barn	52
The Drought of 1873	54
Paul Brown	56
Our Little Boy	59
Then and Now	61
In my Hammock	63
Autumn	65
The Robins have Come	67

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Memories	69
Grandmother	71
Madeline	73
The Butterfly and Ant	75
Jessie Earle	77
The Fireside Dream	79
The Ploughboy	82
Reveries	84
Reunion Poem	87
The Forest	90
Midsummer Haying	92
The Yellow Wasp's Nest	95
Song of the Frogs	97
The Convalescent	99
Uncle Nathan	101
Halcyon Days	103
In Memoriam	106
Sunshine	108
Have Charity	109
Suspense	110
Pantry School	112
Childhood's Throne	115
The Partial Judge	117
The Geniting Tree	119
Album Brieflets	121
Onward	123

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Frontispiece	
The Last Load	23
Grinding a Novel Grist	38
Results	39
The Old Barn	52
Home of the Robins	67
Luncheon Time	82
The Yellow Wasp's Nest	96
Pantry School	113

Meadow Melodies.

A DAY ON THE SUDBURY RIVER MEADOWS.

The clouds drift slowly o'er the sky,
But dense and black to westward lie,
Assuring with the east wind's chill
A splendid day for pickerel.
With early breakfast, off we tramp
Through woods, green fields, and pastures damp,
Till on a gentle height we stand
And view the waving meadow land.
The river gained, we launch our boat
And slowly down its current float.
On every hand the flattened mound
Reminds us of the muskrat's ground:
While button bush and tall grass hide
The small lagoons that lay outside,
Where wild ducks in the fading light
Seek shelter through the summer night,
And on the borders gaily swings
The blackbird with his scarlet wings.
Beyond in lowest meadow lands
Some inches deep the water stands,
Where bitterns in the early day

The words "plum pudd'n" plainly say,
Arising oft with awkward flight
To seek new shelter out of sight.
We idly drift adown the stream,
Half lost in a delicious dream,
Till, roused, we fish on either shore,
Slow moving with a silent oar,—
Now trolling with the greatest heed
Through lily pads and pickerel weed,
Until a whirlpool near is seen
Beside a floating mass of green.
The bait moves off with race-horse speed,
And, down beside a quivering reed,
Is swallowed with a gourmand's greed.
A twitch sends through my frame a thrill,—
The hook is fast in the red-fringed gill
Of a steel and gold-hued pickerel,
And drawn aboard with hearty will
And, as we view him o'er and o'er,
About his weight we speculate,
But set him at a pound or more
And vainly try to catch his mate.
Then onward row, new fields to glean,
Seeking with vision doubly keen
For every spot to drop our bait,
Where hungry pickerel silent wait.
We troll until the sun breaks through
The clouds and dries the meadow dew;
And then within our well-filled creel
A satisfying look we steal.

'Tis dinner time, and back we row,
Our pulses high, our cheeks aglow
With keen excitement of the day,
And build a fire the Indian way.
The fish are dressed, with salt applied,
And in the pan lay side by side,
And sputter loud while being fried.
Meanwhile upon a napkin spread,
Are crackers, cheese, and home-made bread.
While water from a meadow spring
With hasty steps I quickly bring.
The dainty meal so rare and sweet
With relish keen we quickly eat;
Using our hands for knife and fork,
With very little table talk,
As appetites so keenly whet
Banish the thought of etiquette.

Our savory dinner at an end,
I sit me down an hour to spend
Beneath the willow's green arcade,
Where rests the noontide's cooling shade,
With distant stretch of meadow view
Hemmed in by sky of misty blue
And wooded heights of purplish hue.
In early summer verdure dressed,
Fair Goodman's hill looms up to west,
Upon whose sloping sides serene
The cattle in the shade are seen,
And checkered fields of brown and green.

Near by the Old Haynes Garrison
Is basking in the noonday sun
An ancient landmark in decay,
Reminder of King Philip's day.
Southeast the Wayland village stands,
Down sloping to the meadow lands,
With generous growth of spreading trees,
Through whose green leaves the summer breeze
Makes music like the hum of bees;
While, in the background, green hills lie
Like battlements against the sky.

But rested from the morning's sport.
Again we quickly leave the port
And glide adown the stream to try
Our fortune with the smaller fry.
The turtles on the banks to sun
Have climbed, but vanish one by one,
While dragon-flies with colors gay
Adorn the pads that skirt our way.
Arriving at the fishing goal,
We fasten to an alder pole,
Then rig our lines and cast them in,
When spiteful nibblings soon begin.
A moment, and the hooks are bare:
The next, a shiner cleaves the air
With silver-spangled coat of mail,
A rare bait for a pickerel trail.
Anon I disengage the prize,
And with my hook in worm disguise

Soon draw from out the placid stream
My childhood's pet, the sunny bream,
Whose gravelly nests I'll ne'er forget
On shores of dear old Assabet,
Where, oft, within some beached retreat,
Her waters laved my willing feet.
The sun is low, but still we wait
For perch to take the tempting bait,
And soon secure a noble one
Whose sides gleam in the setting sun;
Another and another still;
'Twill take not long our creel to fill.
The sun, just sinking out of sight
Upon the crimson couch of night,
Suffuses all the west with light.
The white-sleeved farmers on the shores
Have left the fields to do their chores,
And Co! Co! Co! distinct and clear
Is heard upon the hillsides near,
While at the open barn-yard gate
The ruddy milkers patient wait.
Not yet has ceased the robin's trill
In apple orchard on the hill,
And far away in forest drear,
The song of whippoorwill I hear.
As darkness of the night steals on,
The pleasant home-lights one by one,
Gleam out through clustering vines and trees,
And twinkle with the stirring breeze;
While o'er the meadows dark and damp,

The fire-fly lights his cheerful lamp.
Along the stream a fog-bank lies,
And far to eastward greets our eyes
The moon, as up the Weston hills
She wheels and soon the valley fills
With shadows weird, while far away
A cloud obscures the lingering day,
Along whose crests the lightnings play.
Again on shore we homeward steer,
While muttering thunders greet the ear;
And soon, secure from dews and damp,
Are seated round the evening lamp,
Recounting, as our tea is quaffed,
The joyous scenes of river craft.

THE BLUEBIRD.

'Tis early spring; the distant hills
Are flecked with drifts of dingy snow,
And bird-notes from the lofty trees
Come down in warblings soft and low.

The bluebird seeks his home again,
He sings sweet love-songs to his mate;
They choose the dear old apple-tree
Whose branches shade our garden-gate.

One door, one window, in their cot;
All else is safe from wind and rain;
The ruffled nest of former years
Is soon made new and warm again.

And now I watch with keen delight
This shady home so near our door,
Till busy parents come to bring
Their dainties to the fledglings four.

The Bluebird.

How sweet to climb the bended trunk,
To gaze upon the tiny brood,
And see four little gaping mouths
Upraised imploringly for food!

Dear warblers of my early years!
A child again, once more I wait,
And watch you in the apple-tree
Whose branches shade our garden-gate.

A MAY-DAY RAMBLE.

We found the modest flowers of May
  Intwined with leaves and mosses,
And dainty fingers fashioned them
  In fragrant wreaths and crosses.

I shall not soon forget the day
  When all the school went Maying,
Nor flowers few that met our gaze
  While through the pastures straying.

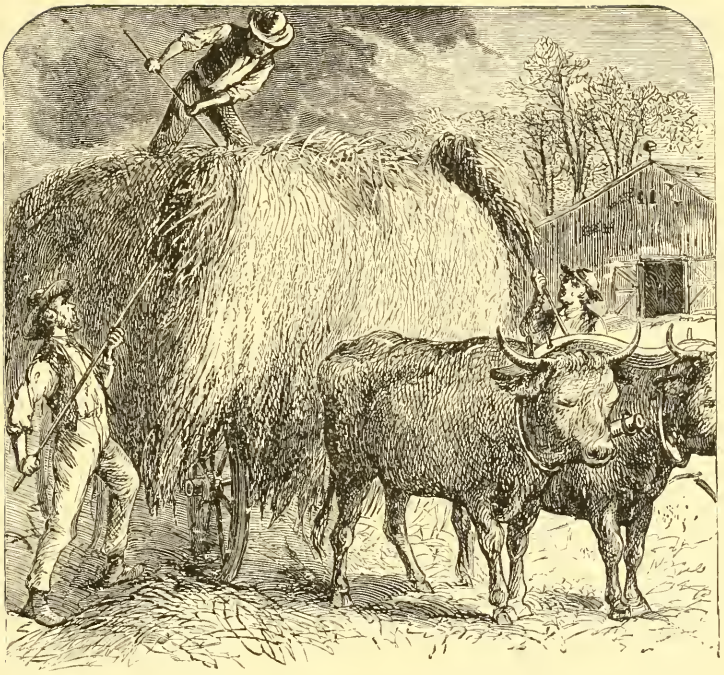
We rather sought for human flowers
  To meet our high ideal;
And fancies of that bright spring-time
  To-day are strangely real.

The birds on every wayside hedge
  Poured forth their songs of greeting,
And, on the southern pasture slopes,
  Were heard the young lambs bleating.

Our children now, like olive plants,
  Are growing up around us,
And sweet it is to point them where
  That happy May-day found us.

Each year, when merry spring-time comes,
  Its birds and blossoms bringing,
I seem to hear the same glad notes
  Through old-time valleys ringing.

And may the sweet strains never cease,
  Nor lose their mystic measure,
Till blent in songs of ecstasy
  That greet at heaven's embrasure.



A DAY IN EARLY HAY-TIME.

Small watery clouds begin to rise
Before the midday hour,
And beaded drops on water-jars
Foretell an early shower.

The house-dog seeks his favorite grass
  While coming down the lane,
And tree-toads in the poplar boughs
  Are prophesying rain.

The quail since early morning hours
  Has piped his song "More wet!"
And cuckoos in the maple grove
  Are singing "Cuckoo!" yet.

The mower drops his scythe, and wipes
  The sweat from off his brow;
Two loads of choicest clover hay
  Are ready for the mow.

"Be quick and get the ox-team, John!
  Frank, harness up Old Gray!
And James, you leave off spreading swaths,
  And tumble up the hay."

A dark cloud with its watery folds
  Now meets the farmer's eye,
And mutterings indistinct are heard
  Along the western sky.

Soon John comes shouting to the field,
  "Get up Old Star! gee, Bright!"
And in the loading, Farmer Day
  Is almost lost to sight.

The hay goes on the rick so fast
  That John cries, "Father, stop,

And let me lay the corners out
  And bind them at the top!"

"Be quick then, for the shower is nigh!
  'Twill never do to let
This clover hay, so sweet and dry,
  Be spoilt by getting wet!"

And, standing in the grateful shade
  Beneath the apple-bough,
The farmer wipes the sweat again
  From off his heated brow.

One load is safely in the barn,
  And one upon the wain,
While just across the meadow-lot
  Comes on the drifting rain.

A large drop falls upon the hat,
  Another on the hand,
And now the tempest wildly breaks
  Upon the thirsty land.

The other load is in, hurrah!
  And ranged along the bay,
The men and boys lie stretched at ease
  Upon the new-mown hay.

The sun in splendor breaks again
  Upon the waiting eye,
And lo! a painted bow appears
  And spans the eastern sky!

And Farmer Day in evening prayer
Thanks God with hearty praise
For vernal sun, and summer rain,
And plenteous harvest days.

THE SCARECROW.

"The crows are pullin' up the corn
Upon the plain," said Deacon Gore:
"A hundud hills already gone:
We'll try the skeercrow plan once more.

"John, run and bring my trainin' suit,
An' with it fetch my bell-topped hat:
Rig up the old chap ra'al cute
An' make him perty middlin' fat.

"An' I'll load up the old French gun—
Six fingers! wun't it make some noise!
We'll hev a leetle extry fun,"
He said with chuckle to the boys.

When night came on with sable reign,
They harnessed up the old white mare
And bore the image to the plain,
Arranging it with greatest care.

And then sought out a place to hide,
The next day, ere the morning's dawn
Should call the parents to provide
Their callow young with stolen corn.

And sure enough, before the crows,
The Deacon and his boys were there;
Nor waited long to hear their foes
With angry cawings fill the air.

At first they circled very high,
Then lower dropped but cautiously,
Until a sentinel near by
Was stationed on an apple-tree.

The boys peered through the mossy wall,
Then held their sides with mirth suppressed,
One crow was pulling at a scrawl
Of hair outside the scarecrow's vest.

Two others on the ground below
Were cackling in a saucy way;
The Deacon saw the hated foe
And cocked his gun without delay.

Kerwhang!!! and dust and feathers flew,
While echoes answered far and wide;
The Deacon hastily withdrew
In manner not so dignified.

A grand display of shooting stars
He saw, but with supreme disgust,

While shouts were heard mid loud hurras
"By Jinks! the old shebang has bust."

The boys hung up the lifeless crows
All torn and riddled with the shot,
While Deacon Gore with bloody nose
Limped homeward talking of the plot.

"I bought that gun of Ensign Clay
Some forty years ago or more,
But never knew the derned thing play
Me sich a tarnal trick afore!"

The secret—so the story ran—
Was this:—The load at first was large,—
But afterwards the hired man
Put in another rousing charge.

A MORNING IN SPRING.

'Tis beautiful morning, the air is all vocal
With music of birds in the orchard begun;
While pasture and meadow are beaded with dew-drops,
And waiting to flash back the rays of the sun.

The swallow is skimming the still, misty lakelet,
Reposing in beauty beside the old wood,
Now dimpling its surface to sip the sweet bev'rage,
Now snatching the newly-fledged gnat for his food.

The sun rising slowly is bathing the hill-tops
With glory all golden, in morning's fresh prime:
Now gilding the Mavis that sings on the walnut
His sweet measured song of the new planting time.

It steals through the shutters, awaking a sleeper,
And tinges his curls with the morning's bright gold,
Who laughing and cooing, with fists full of dimples,
Is striving the beautiful sunbeam to hold.

A Morning in Spring.

The lowing of cattle, returning fond answers
Is heard in response to the cries of their young;
They yearn to impart the sweet life-giving treasure,
And lovingly fondle awhile with the tongue.

The sun rises higher, and all the broad landscape
Is studded with diamonds, radiant with light!
O! who can behold such a vision of beauty
Without breathing thanks for the beautiful sight!

HUNTING BIRDS' NESTS.

Rare the fun of hunting birds' nests
In the early days of June,
When the groves are filled with fragrance,
And the soul is all in tune
With the singing of the builders,
With the whispering of the leaves,
With the twitter of the swallow
In his nest beneath the eaves.

Through the orchards we are roaming
Of the robin's home in quest,
And within some last year's sproutings
Soon behold a mud-thatched nest,
With a brown head raised above it,
Gazing with an anxious eye;
While the master of the mansion
Scolds with great anxiety.

Just above us sings the bluebird
Softly as in early Spring,
Emphasizing every measure
With a quivering of wing;
He is singing to his nestlings
In a hollow tree near by;
Now he bears a dainty morsel
And is heard their teasing cry.

From the meadow fresh with verdure
Comes the song of bobolink,
Rich in merry semiquavers
And its endless "tink la tink";
Now he swings on bending sedges,
O'er the cool brook's silent flow,
Mirroring his dainty plumage,
In the crystal depths below.

Homeward, through an old road strolling
Fringed with sumac, birch, and fern,
Many nests of tuneful builders
Greet the eye at every turn;
Some depend from lofty branches,
Some with callow heads in view,
Others hid in leafy coverts
Graced with eggs of varying hue.

At the fording-place while waiting,
Many swallows come and go,
Bearing mortar for their dwellings
In the ancient roof-tree low,

And with bare feet long we linger
Dallying with the waters sweet,
As they ripple o'er the pebbles
Tempered with the vernal heat.

Nearing home, the sun at setting
Crimsons all the western sky,
Lighting up the cloud-bar edges
With its tints of rainbow dye;
Followed by the evening twilight
Purpling every vale and hill,
Heralding a wondrous chorus
Blent with song of whippoorwill.

DEDICATION ODE.

Read at the Dedication of the Town Pump at Hyde Park, July 4th., 1876.

A Hundred years ago to-day
Our *fathers* struck for broader sway,
  Displeased with Britain's ruling;
We seek a boon as precious quite,
To break the bonds of appetite
  With drink that's ever cooling.

Then take the cup that nature brews
And sends to earth in rains and dews
  No beverage sweeter,—purer:
'Twill give you joy and length of days
And lead your feet in wisdom's ways
  And make life's mission surer.

Come, traveller on the dusty way,
And slake your thirst as here you may,
  Without the fearful slaughter
That alcohol is sure to bring;
We urge a drink that leaves no sting,
  'Tis healthful, sparkling water.

May ever from this fountain go
A cooling stream whose gentle flow
  Shall all our borders gladden;
Till pleasant homes in this fair land
Shall greet the eye on every hand
  With nought of woe to sadden.

Long wave the flag that floats above,
Inscribed upon whose folds is love
  To every son and daughter;
Then let us all our goblets fill
And drink its health, with hearty will,
  In bumpers of cold water.

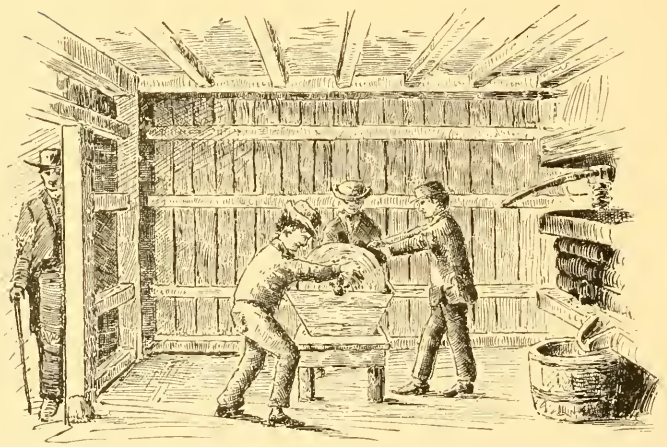
A century hence, when granite walls
Imposing stand, and antique halls,
  In this then ancient city,
A wish that temperance may abound,
And peace and harmony be found,
  I'd breathe in this short ditty.

THE LINCOLN BOYS.

In boyhood days, no rarer fun
Was left for me when chores were done,
Than listening by the kitchen fire,
To stories of my old Grandsire,
Of "Lincoln boys" he used to know,
Some seventy years, or more, ago.

One trick of theirs, at present time
I'll try to sketch in simple rhyme.
New shoes were bought for all one day,
Of Brown, the cobbler, o'er the way,
With this remark, "Now boys we'll see
Who'll wear them longest, you or me;"
For somehow, always, ugly holes
Were quickly worn in all their soles.

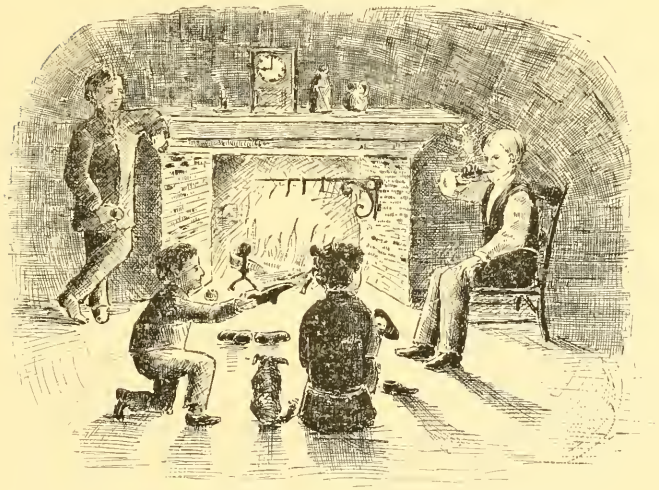
From underneath his broad-brimmed hat,
He saw them wink, and "smelt a rat."
So next day, coming home before
The boys expected, from the store,
He started for the cider mill,
And saw within, Dick, Jake, and Bill,
All hard at work in grinding down
The shoes, so lately bought of Brown.



A smell of leather greets his nose,
As nearer to the scene he goes.
Within, a picture sad he views,
For there he sees his last new shoes,
With soles ground down to very quick,
And left not mor'n a sixpence thick.
The mischief done was so complete,
He thought he'd make a sly retreat,
And settle matters by and by,

When pulse wa'nt running quite so high;
But heard while lingering by the fence,
Some queer remarks at his expense.

Three weeks or so from this, as sire
And sons were round the kitchen fire,
While apples sputtered on the hearth,
And nuts were cracked, and hearty laugh
Was heard above the north-wind's roar,
As snow-drifts deepened round the door,
Young Jake cried out in feigned surprise
With wonder lurking in his eyes,



"Bill, just look here and see the holes
That father's worn in both his soles!"
And quick as thought both Bill and Dick
Were kneeling on the old hearth-brick,
To view the shoes which now their sire
Was drying by the blazing fire.

"You've saved it this time, boys, but mind,
Ef luther grist agin you grind,
Don't leave the fragrant toll behind."

He knew the trick too well, they found
And sideway glances passed around.
They keenly felt his sharp reply,
And, as the hour of sleep was nigh,
The rogues began to gape and said,
They guessed 'twas time to go to bed;
But while undressing in the cold,
They muttered loud the one word "*sold.*"

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

A LARGE brown house, with rambling rooms,
On waving meadows facing:
A noble tree with loving arms,
Its eastern side embracing.

In front, on greensward sloping south,
Are happy children playing;
And, in the field across the road,
The men and boys are haying.

On "pasture-hill," in shadows cool,
The cows are idly chewing;
"Old Sorrel" standing by the fence,
The green corn fondly viewing.

By Landham Brook in meadows green,
I see the fisher strolling,
And many a lusty pickerel seeks
The tempting bait he's trolling.

To West, on Nobscot's wooded height,
A cap of mist I'm viewing;
The farmer trims the hay-cocks well,
He knows a storm is brewing.

And far away, at day's decline,
My eyes o'er green hills roaming,
I see Wachusett's crown of blue
Tower upward through the gloaming.

The cows come home, with beverage sweet
From swollen udders dropping;
Now lowing for the milker's pail,
And now the young grass cropping.

The work is done, and supper waits
With Hyson wreaths ascending;
While round the board, with festal cheer,
The summer day is ending.

The dusky shades of night come o'er
The landscape, softly creeping,
And in this valley home, are all
The loved ones sweetly sleeping.

KATIE.

A SWEET young girl was Katie
With brow serenely fair,
And like the gold of sunset,
Was the glow upon her hair.

She used to spend the summer
With her uncle Abner Gray,
And there in fields and meadows
She romped the hours away.

Rob Gray was a bashful fellow,
And afraid of all the girls,
But loved his cousin Katie
With her wealth of sunny curls.

And thought of her when morning
Kissed the hillsides with its beams,
And roamed with her by starlight
In the pleasant land of dreams.

She dearly loved to tease him,
And oft with fairy tread
Would snatch his hat and wear it
In triumph on her head.

While Rob, though slightly angered,
The playful insult bore,
As he felt no hat e'er rested
On a fairer head before.

But harvest now was ended,
And husked the yellow corn;
The apples all were gathered,
And summer birds were gone;

And soon the chill November
With stormy days would come,
When Kate must leave the country
And seek her city home.

"She must not go," Rob murmured
One morning to himself;
"I cannot, cannot spare her,
The darling little elf."

And now a laugh went ringing
On the frosty morning air,
As dainty hands were buried
In his locks of curly hair.

"You cannot spare me then, Rob,"
She said with quiet grace,

As little roguish dimples
Went eddying o'er her face.

"I feel I love you, Katie,
Far better than you know;
And can you love me, darling?"
She coyly answered "no."

But Robert knew her meaning,
And—well, I will not say—
I only know, next Autumn
They called her Katie Gray.

And now the dear old homestead,
With hoarded memories sweet,
Is cheerful with the pattering
Of little roguish feet.

And in the purple twilight,
As fades the lingering day,
A golden head is resting
On the cheek of Abner Gray.

THE TRYST OF COLLEGE DAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE PSI. U. SONG BOOK.

THE midnight oil is burning low,
The moon climbs upward in the skies,
The evening star-lamps softly glow
Like far off angel eyes.

CHORUS. Then, brothers, raise a parting song,
And let the strain float gaily on,
While we the chorus loud prolong,
Psi. U., Psi. Upsilon.

We'll gather here from week to week,
A firm and ever faithful band,
Our mystic watchword oft to speak,
With grasp of friendly hand.

Whene'er our chosen badge we see
In solitude or crowded mart,
The stranger shall a brother be,
And heart shall speak to heart.

And when we wander, weary men,
Along the cold world's rugged ways,
In fancy we will keep again
The tryst of college days.

FISHING FOR POUTS.

Young Jemmy Flynn is often seen
Arranging "fish-pole," line, and hook,
To spend a pleasant evening hour
In catching pouts at Landham Brook.

His pipe well loaded, off he starts
Across the fields in tuneful mood;
The robin hears his cheerful song
And answers from a neighboring wood.

He waits not long to feel a bite,
But lets him nibble just once more,
And then with steady laboring pull
He lands a lusty pout on shore.

And ere the village bell strikes nine,
There lies beside him on the ground
A famous catch of hornéd pouts,
In weight at least a dozen pound.

He strings them quick and starts for home
Along the dark uncertain way,
But stops a little while beside
An ancient stack of meadow hay,

To smoke his pipe and think of home
And Biddy dear in Donegal
But hears again her cry "Ye'll see
Me niver more at all, at all."

He smiles at thought of Biddy's love,
And rubs with joy his fists once more,
For well he knows her heart was won
By pounding rivals, near a score.

With sweet old Ireland in his thoughts
Our hero starts for home again,
The dog bays loud, he hears the tramp
Of Jemmy coming up the lane.

The farm-house reached, he enters quick
And strikes a light his catch to view,
Then seeks his bed and soon in sleep
Forgets his pouts and Biddy too.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

A SUNNY spot of boyhood's years
  Was Grandma's garden olden;
Its fragrance rare comes floating back
  O'er forty summers golden.

I see the yellow marigold,
  The fringéd "chiny-aster,"
And morning-glories pink and red
  And white, like alabaster.

The peony, with wealth of bloom,
  The patch of striped grasses,
The four-o'clocks and London prides,
  And pinks in fragrant masses.

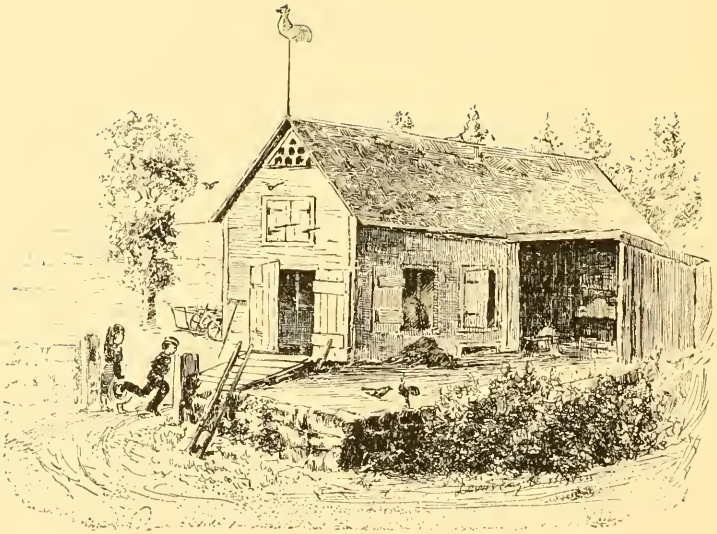
The lilac, standing by the door,
  Was one of that collection,
And always showed a wealth of bloom
  In time of "Old Election."

The poppy, too, was not forgot,
Nor crimson prince's feather;
Oh, what a swamp of beauty rare
Was growing up together!

And, when the early blossoms came
Our garden patch adorning,
How joyfully I watched for them
Each fragrance-laden morning!

All through the long, bright summer days
It proved a home of pleasure
For humming-birds and butterflies
That sought its hidden treasure.

But she who planted them is gone
Where bright ones greet the comer,
And where the flowers richly bloom
Through one eternal summer.



IN THE OLD BARN.

Upon the old barn's scaffold high,
With dreamy gaze on fragrant bed,
I watch the swallows come and go
With twitt'ring notes above my head.

In the Old Barn.

Without, upon the half-shut door,
The Phœbe sits in silent mood,
Prospecting for a place to build
Her nest and rear her quiet brood.

The hens upon the seedy floor
Are scratching for the scattered grain;
While chanticleer a challenge hears
And answers back in deaf'ning strain.

Old Charley, in the stall below,
Keeps grinding at the clover hay,
And tries with many an angry stamp
To drive the saucy flies away.

But hark! a pleasant sound I hear,
Of children coming down the lane;
And now they strive with flying feet
To see who first the barn will gain.

A gush of laughter greets my ears,
As up the ladder, lithe and gay,
They come to seek for hidden eggs,
And frolic on the fragrant hay.

The little rogues are wild with joy,
At finding father's hiding place,
And thus my pleasant day dream ends,
With smoth'ring kiss and fond embrace.

THE DROUGHT OF 1873.

September parched and dry comes in;
I wonder if 'twill ever rain;
Thank God for crowded barns of hay
And fields of early ripening grain!

But later crops are looking slim,
The corn fields all are dry and sere,
But little water in the wells,
For drought, this is the century year.

In memory of the aged ones
The like before was never seen;
Each morning comes with cloudless sky;
Each setting day seems more serene.

Dear Lord, pour down upon the earth,
Abundant showers once again,
And fill the springs and river banks
Before the winter months set in.

And make the pastures smile once more
With verdure of a spring-like hue;
May grassy slopes again make glad
Our eyes with glistening morning dew!

But see! a tiny cloud appears
Upon the starry face of night,
Not larger than the one of yore
Beheld at sea from Carmel's height.

The sky is quickly overcast,
And sounds are heard of coming rain;
The little brooks awake and run
With singing down the hills again.

The parchéd earth drinks deep, long draughts,
Until her thirst is satisfied,
And then her overflowing store
Is sent to swell the river's tide.

But, while the good Lord often frowns,
How sweet the thought and how sublime,
That never will he once forget
The promised seed and harvest time.

PAUL BROWN.

They tell us of a graceless scamp,
A good old Deacon's son,
Who bore the christian name of Paul,
But christian worth had none;
Whose chief delight outside of wine
Was "cutting up" some wicked shine.

The parson used occasion'ly
To make a friendly call,
But always deemed it wise to keep
A special eye on Paul;
Unless he did, you're safe to bet,
He never left without regret.

One night the Deacon went to town
Upon his old white mare;
And, after dark, by "County Road,"

Paul watched with filial care.
The road was not so very wide,
And birches grew on either side.

He tied the tops across the way,
To clear the horse's head,
Then waited till he plainly heard
The old nag's measured tread;
"Git up, old White," said Deacon Brown;
She did "git up," but he got down.

"Whoa, whoa!" he cried, as firmly clung
The stirrups to his boots;
The old mare thought the plough, no doubt,
Had run against some roots;
She pulled, and down with awkward fall
Went Deacon, saddle-bags, and all.

Dread silence reigned; the Deacon, sure,
Was thinking of the lurch;
Then breathed he out a hasty speech
That wouldn't do in church;
But, on reflection, stroked his chin,
While Paul kept shady, holding in.

The Deacon with his traps was soon
Completely out of sight;
While Paul crept after, cautiously,
To see that all was right;
Then stealing by, he homeward sped,
And hastily retired to bed.

The Deacon came and fiercely knocked
  Upon the kitchen door;
Then listened for his sleepy son,
  And plainly heard him snore;
Then knocked again, and still again,
Until his knuckles throbbed with pain.

A window opened just above,
  And plainly peered in view
The head of Paul, with yawning words,
  "Why, father, is it yeou?"
"It is, my son, jest strike a light,
And I will tether out Old White."

Next morning after chores were done,
  And men went off to hoe,
The clothes-line held a sunday suit,
  All mud from "top to toe;"
And, as the dame the garments viewed,
She wondered how he got so "slewed."

OUR LITTLE BOY.

He came to us in spring-time,
When snow was on the hills,
Before the melting south-wind
Had waked the sleeping rills;
While from the stately elm above
The bluebird lent his song of love.

And at the hour of sunset,
Across the western sky,
Was flung a crimson banner
With fringe of deepest dye;
As if to celebrate with joy
The advent of our darling boy.

To-day with lisping accents,
He climbs upon my knee,
And makes himself, as usual,
With hair and whiskers free,
And with his dimpled finger tries
To fathom depths witin my eyes.

He sometimes plays the artist,
  As frequently are seen
The daintiest of hand prints
  Upon my linen clean;
At other times I hear his steps
Beside my coat in search of "peps."

Though much of care he gives us,
  How sweet it is to think,
Between us and the angels,
  Of this connecting link;
And ponder oft, how lovingly
Our Saviour spake of such as he.

THEN AND NOW.

THEN.

Through the lane and round the hill,
Loitering in the shadows cool,
Little Daisy Lee and I
Wended oft our way to school.

In the brush, "Chewink" we heard
And the songster still I see
Chanting on a bended limb,
His sweet wood-notes, "Chip-u-chee."

Perched on reed, the bobolink,
In his suit of holiday,
Sang his cheery song of home,
Hid beneath a tufted spray,

Where his mate in silence sat
All the day in grasses cool;

Oft we viewed their mottled eggs
As we journeyed home from school.

NOW.

All along the meadow path,
Winding by the old brown mill,
Roses wild and elder bloom
Linger with their fragrance still.

As I near the alder-brook
Where the rustic bridge once stood,
Daisy loiters by the brink.
Ripened now to womanhood.

Near me plays her little girl,
With a ringing laugh so sweet,
As the circling waves she makes
Kiss my Harry's dimpled feet.

Now their lips together press:
Daisy, on the other shore,
Thinks the picture not unlike
A picture forty years before.

IN MY HAMMOCK.

Gently bring,
As I swing
In my hammock free,
Pleasant dreams
Cheered by gleams
From blest Araby.

Clings the vine
To the pine,
Hanging gracefully,
Coos the dove
Perched above,
In a mournful key.

In the air,
Free from care,
Float the swallows high;

Seeking food
For their brood
In the deep blue sky.

Fevered brain
Freed from pain
In the cooling shade;
Fanned by air
Filled with rare
Odors from the glade.

Plaints of jay
All the day
Fall upon my ear,
While his mate
Sits sedate
In the birches near.

Blessed sleep
Soft and deep
Comes with pleasant dreams,
As I glide
Down the tide
Lulled by tinkling streams.

AUTUMN.

The joyous Autumn comes, at last,
With her attendant train:
She brings the apple, pear, and grape,
And fields of golden grain.

Upon the fresh-mown meadow lot,
The lark, with lifted head,
Is watching with a steady gaze
The sportsman's stealthy tread.

While blackbirds, gathered into flocks,
And thick on every hand,
Are foraging in stubble fields
Along the meadow land,

Preparing for a flying trip,
When morning skies are fair,
To reedy swamps and wild rice fields
That fringe the Delaware.

Autumn.

The nuts, now ripe, are waiting for
  The frosty-fingered night,
To burst their prison cells, and bathe
  In Autumn's mellow light.

October comes, and wooded hills
  Are decked in gay attire,
With here a fleck of crimson hue,
  And there, of sunset fire.

The landscape stretching down the vale
  With joy my bosom fills;
Its tintings all are beautiful,
  But glory crowns the hills.

THE ROBINS HAVE COME.

The robins have come! the robins have come!
In trees on the hillsides warm they sing,
And soon will be heard the drowsy hum
Of insect life in the genial spring.

The Robins Have Come.

The robins have come! and the pansies lift
  Their soft bright eyes to the golden light,
While snowdrops, beside the lingering drift,
  Unfold their petals of purest white.

The robins have come! and the farmers again
  Are thinking of grounds they soon will plough,
And fields of ripening grass and grain
  Garnered and safe on the high-piled mow.

They come, and the orchards with melody fill,
  While Grandmother's eyes are moist with tears,
As she totters along to the window sill
  To gaze on the pets of her early years.

She's thinking of Philip, in youth so strong,
  And when he made her a happy bride,
And she hears again the sad, sweet song,
  The morning that little Rachel died.

The robins have come! and tenderly bring
  The glad recollections of years that are gone;
When seeking for trailing arbutus in spring,
  We heard their sweet carols at earliest dawn.

MEMORIES.

We sit in the evening shadows,
My darling wife and I,
And talk the dear past over,
Beneath an April sky:
And memories sweet their treasures bring,
As time flits by on rapid wing.

'Tis eighteen years in Summer,
Since we began, my wife,
To journey on together
Adown the slope of life;
And pattering feet have cheered the way;
God grant they ne'er may go astray!

But have you thought, my darling,
As still we journey on,
That life's short year is fleeting—
Our summer almost gone?

May many days from sorrow free
In golden autumn wait for thee.

And should our lives be lengthened
  Into a green old age,
O may we both remember
  The heavenly heritage!
Then parallel our paths will be,
Through all the blest eternity.

GRANDMOTHER.

I SEE her in the old arm-chair
With tall cap snowy white,
And fires light up her antique spec's
As gleam the embers bright.

Her evening work lies near, of which
She seldom seems to tire;
And many an Indian legend tells,
Beside the kitchen fire.

She knits and nods and drops to sleep,
And, through a golden haze,
Sees childhood's home in happy dreams,
And friends of childhood's days.

One morning,—'twas the month of May,—
The air was clear and chill,
When peering westward, she exclaimed,
"Wachusett, dear old hill!"

And glad tears gathered in her eyes,
  As rapt with keen delight,
She viewed this landmark of her youth
  With joyous second sight.

She loved the birds and fragrant flowers,
  With joys they ever bring;
And always watched with longing eyes
  For earliest bloom of spring.

She often clasped me to her breast
  And smoothed my flaxen hair,
While thinking of her own dear boy
  Whose head once rested there.

In sunset-land afar she sleeps,
  Where flowers above her bow;
She has no need of second sight,
  To view the old hill now.

MADELINE.

Pretty blue-eyed Madeline,
Singing in a minor key,
Underneath a needled pine
Close beside the sounding sea;
Hear I still those notes divine,
Of my playmate Madeline.

Oft we sought the violets blue,
In the freshness of the morn:
Kissed our feet the pearly dew;
Sang the robin on the thorn;
Sings he still as oft I pine
At the grave of Madeline.

Thus I saw her long ago,
In the flush of girlhood's prime;
"Years they come and years they go,"

Still the picture, toned by Time,
Hangs within my cloistered heart,
Haloed with a mystic art.

In the bracing Autumn days,
Oft the sere and yellow leaf,
Eddying through a golden haze,
Whispers of an early grief,
As it nestles where the vine
Clasps the grave of Madeline.

THE BUTTERFLY AND ANT.

A BUTTERFLY with painted wings,
While sipping from the nectar springs
Of rarest field and garden flowers,
Saw, toiling through the summer hours,
A neighboring Ant whom well she knew,
And thus commenced an interview.

"O how I pity you, my friend,
Compelled a toilsome life to spend,
Who scarcely see in all your days
What I behold in one short gaze!
For weeks I've roamed through fields of air
And sipped my food from blossoms rare,
And, when the dew begins to fall,
Beneath a leaf I safely crawl,
Or underneath a mossy wall."

"Your pity, friend," the Ant replied,
"I do not need, nor vision wide
To give me happiness complete,
Nor care I for your nectar sweet;
A pastoral life I long have led.
My herds of aphides o'erhead
Yield me a beverage sweet and pure
Enough to tempt an epicure."

Just then a kingbird flying by
Seized ruthlessly the Butterfly,
But, sated with the food of spring,
He dropped her with a broken wing,
No more to soar through fields of air,
But doomed her neighbor's lot to share.

Strange parallels in life we find
Amid the strifes of human kind:
To-day, abroad with "coach and four,"
Anon, "the wolf is at the door;"
On every turn of fortune's wheel
Depends our future woe or weal;
Then ne'er despise a sun-browned hand,—
The pride and hope of every land.

JESSIE EARLE.

A PICTURE comes of the long ago,
And a little girl I see
Of beauty rare, sweet Jessie Earle:
Her white brow flecked with many a curl,
And her laugh as full of glee
As the brooklet's, in its playful flow
Through woodlands to the sea.

Her pleasant home is nestled still
Beneath an old elm tree,
Where bright birds build their nests in spring,
And cheer the eye with flashing wing,
In the leafy drapery;
And still is heard the robin's trill,
So dear to her and me.

Her mother died ere Jessie knew
A parent's tender care;

And gloom still clouds the father's brow,
As memories come of Edna Howe—
A wife of beauty rare—
In a casket strewn with violets blue
One early spring-day fair.

Another name now marks the door,
But under the same old tree
Is often seen a fair-haired girl
So like my playmate, Jessie Earle,
That in a reverie,
I call to mind the days of yore
So precious still to me.

THE FIRESIDE DREAM.

One night, while in my easy-chair
  Beside the hearth-stone bright,
A sweet young face with dreamy eyes
From out the embers seemed to rise
  With crown of rosy light.

It smiled a moment, then dissolved
  Like fleecy clouds at morn;
But the fair image memory kept;
In her dim aisles it safely slept
  Till many years had gone.

* * * * * *

The wasting night-lamp dimly burned,
  And hushed the lonely room,
While from some tome of ancient lore
I read strange stories o'er and o'er,
  Regardless of the gloom,

When, through the dusky silence stole
  The fairy of my dream,
With rippling fall of soft brown hair,
And smooth, white brow, serene and fair,
  And eyes that e'en now seem

Like stars that gem the quiet sky
  When summer twilight fades,
And o'er some distant purple height
The moon holds up her beacon light
  Amid the deep'ning shades.

The vision vanished as it came,
  But in my haunted heart
That phantom presence, ever near,
Made home a refuge doubly dear,
  And seemed of life a part.

* * * * * *

The deep-toned village bell pealed forth
  A merry wedding chime;
The fields were flushed with flowers of June,
And bright bees hummed a drowsy tune
  Amid the sweet wild thyme,

As from the white-walled country church,
  I led a blushing bride:
Her face was such as long ago
Had smiled in vision through the glow
  Of home's dear "ingle-side."

Long years have come and gone since then,
  And, in my easy-chair,
While gazing on the wood-fire bright
Which throws stray gleams of ruddy light
  Athwart my wife's brown hair,

With other memories, I recall
  The vision-face of yore,
And as I meet my darling's eyes,
I murmur as the glad tears rise,
  "It is a dream no more!"

THE PLOUGHBOY.

Across the field, in early spring,
The merry Ploughboy plods along;
His bare feet press the cool brown sod,
And echoing hills repeat his song.

Behind him, in the furrows broad,
The robin seeks, with vision keen,

Each dainty morsel turned to view,
For nestlings on the village green.

The bluebird on a poplar near
Is softly warbling notes of Spring,
And now he hangs, an azure star,
Above the moth with painted wing.

And, while the panting oxen rest
Where shadows fall in noontide heat,
The Ploughboy seeks the old red jug,
And drinks the home brewed beverage sweet.

Then spreads his luncheon on the grass,—
A healthful but a homely fare,—
And eats it with a relish keen,
Sharp-whetted by the country air.

Thus plods he on till evening hours,
Then seeks his home in twilight gray,
Where fireside cheer and pleasant dreams
Refresh him for another day.

REVERIES.

I LOVE in summer time to sit
  Beneath a shady tree,
And watch the misty sails that come
  And go far out at sea,
And think of perils of the deep.
  Encountered day by day,
To speed the wings of commerce o'er
  The ocean's broad highway.

I love, in morning's dewy hours,
  To watch the rising sun,—
That grand old painter as he tints
  The hillsides, one by one,
Till all the wide-spread landscape
  Seems aglow with golden light,
Lit up by flashing diamond drops,—
  The jewels of the night.

I love the cool, deep meadow spring,
With fringe of ferns and grass,
And often note the clouds that o'er
Its mirrored surface pass,
And think of brimming cisterns, whence
These ceaseless waters flow
Through all the year, in storm and drought
And Winter's reign of snow.

I love to hear the pattering rain
Upon the mossy roof,
And watch the busy spider while
Adjusting warp and woof,
And dream of days and years agone,
When on the high-piled hay
We passed with mirth and song the hours
Of many a rainy day.

I love, how well, that early home,
Its orchard slopes and lawn;
The river on whose fertile banks
Waved fields of Indian corn,
And densely wooded hills beyond,
With valleys deep and dark,
Where in the frosty autumn nights
We heard the foxes bark.

Ah, halcyon days forever gone!
Yet, in my memory still
They come and go in sweet review,
So often, at my will,

That I grow young in thinking of
Those lengthened hours of joy,
And often wake from pleasant dreams
With feelings of a boy.

REUNION POEM.

Read at the Reunion of the First Settlers of Fairmount and Hyde Park, May 15th., 1886.

Again, in memory, I go back
To pleasant days of old,
When Autumn tinged these vales and hills
With crimson and with gold,
And "foxes dug their holes unscared"
On wooded hillsides bold.

Not long before, a Yankee, from
The Granite Hills, came down
In search of fame and fortune, but
Obtained a wide renown,
By choosing this romantic spot
To build a model town.

He plainly saw, on these green hills
  And waving fields elysian,
A stately city rise to view
  As in prophetic vision;
And soon a score of men were found
  Who joined in his decision.

You know the rest; since sturdy men
  That first day's stillness broke,
Has rung through all these busy years
  The hammer's rapid stroke,
And curled in morning's quiet hours
  The cotter's cheerful smoke.

The home of Goldsmith never rose
  Before his longing eyes,
More beautiful than this dear spot,
  Which still in memory lies,
Hemmed in by woods and sloping hills
  And richly tinted skies.

My thoughts go back to rambles, when
  The pleasant moonlight's gleam
Lay sleeping on the bosom of
  Your gently flowing stream,
Whose crystal depths, in evening hours,
  With countless star-lamps beam.

You ask the record of these years,
  So soon forever gone!
In them Rebellion's wicked hand

Her bloody sword has drawn;
In them to the benighted slave
Has come a glorious dawn.

Within these years our favored land
Has wondrous progress shown:
Her railroads stretch from sea to sea,
Her wires thread every zone,
And tiny western hamlets have
To mammoth cities grown.

But some who mingled with us then,
Alas! have gone before,—
Sailed o'er the waters of that sea
Which laves a shining shore,—
And found, I trust, a welcome in
That land forevermore.

THE FOREST.

How blessed is the gift to man
Of woodlands wild, whose breezes fan
My fevered cheeks in summer hours,
As oft I seek their grateful bowers,
To spend a day of quiet rest,
In cool, deep aisles, where none molest.

On bed of softest mosses brown,
In blissful ease I sit me down,
Where forest herbage fresh and rare
With grateful perfume fills the air;
And bright birds sing with happy song
A lullaby, the whole day long.

Above, the busy squirrel weaves
In chestnut tall his nest of leaves;
While in an opening to the sky

A white-winged cloud is sailing by,
But, ere it leaves my narrow view,
Is all dissolved in misty blue.

A greeting falls upon my ear
Of liquid music, sweet and clear;
For, near me in the shadows cool,
A cascade drops into a pool,
With silvery skein of waters sweet,
Whose spray makes damp my rustic seat.

And there the trout with colors gay
Are seen through all the summer day;
A painted moth comes to explore:
With dip of wing her flight is o'er:
A circling wavelet left, is all
To tell the story of her fall.

And thus from morn till dewy night
I revel in a sweet delight,
Till, through the purple twilight's frown,
The stars like angel-eyes look down.
And then I homeward wend my way,
With memories of a blessed day.

MIDSUMMER HAYING.

"Come, John, get up and milk the cows,
Then turn them in the meadow-lot,
And just at night be sure and think
To bait them in the clover-plot.

"At ten o'clock, or when the dew
Is fully off, if sky is fair,
Spread out the hay that's tumbled up,
And turn it over once with care.

"Frank, you and I will grind the scythes,
While Charles and Mike unload the hay,
And Pomp may help with nimble feet
To stow it carefully away."

The sun now rising clear and red
Is peering through an amber cloud,
While swarthy mowers oft lift up
The merry whetstone chorus loud.

A broad highway across the fields
These stalwart haymen soon have made,
And with each sturdy stroke in time
The smoking herdsgrass low is laid.

A clean-cut swath is Farmer Ben's,
The widest in the country round,
Nor smoother shave of mowing-land
Can anywhere about be found.

The welcome dinner-horn now breaks
The stillness of the summer noon;
And men and boys in hurrying home
Are whistling many a merry tune.

The meal partaken, rest is sought
Awhile within the cooling shade,
Where songs are sung and stories told,
And many boyish pranks are played.

The nooning passed, some store the hay
While others seek the field again,
Where windrows serpent-like are formed
Behind the white-sleeved husbandmen.

The sun is dropping fiery red
Adown the western slope of day,
And many a plain and meadow near
Is tented with the new-mown hay.

Anon, in winding lanes, are seen
The toiling oxen, moving slow

Midsummer Haying.

With giant loads of fragrant hay,
Emblazoned with the sunset glow.

As silently the night steals on,
The twinkling star-lamps, one by one,
Are lighted in the summer sky,
Denoting reign of sleep begun.

THE YELLOW WASP'S NEST.

"Begorra, look at Mike!" cries Pat:
"He's drivin' somethin' from his eyes:
"Mike, what's the throuble?" "Throuble, sure
An' don't ye see these yiller flies?"

With flying hay, he fills the air
While smarting from their keen abuse,
And with the fiery, stinging pain
St. Patrick's name is much in use.

"But don't ye know a hornet, Mike?"
"An' is it yiller wasps ye mean?"
And darts beneath a haycock near,
Where all of him but head is seen.

While thinking of his safe retreat
He feels his lips and nose enlarge;
The enemy in hot pursuit,
Assail him in another charge.

"Oh! murther! murther!" loud he cries,
"Oh! Howly Virgin, hale me guilt!
Och, Patrick! drive the bastes away
Or I shall be intirely kilt."

While lingering in his hiding-place,
He marvels at his nose and lips:
But on emerging darkness reigns,
As both his eyes are in eclipse.

He handles with the tenderest care
His swollen organs o'er and o'er:
"An' sure" he says, "I've niver known
Me fatures grow so fast before."

With bathing soon the lumps go down,
And Michael sees once more the sky,
But makes fast time whenever sounds
The "Yellow-jacket's" battle-cry.

SONG OF THE FROGS.

The pipings of the frogs I hear,
Through all the night so shrill and clear,
Glad heralds of the queen of Spring,
Who comes her bounteous gifts to bring,
With singing birds and sweet perfume
Exhaled from generous apple bloom.

Peep-peep, no sleep, peep-peep, peep-peep,
Wee minstrels of the swampy deep:
Reminders of the cowslip's home,
Where oft my young feet used to roam,
By meadow brooks, to homeward bring
This golden gift of early spring.

How oft has proved the song, peep-peep,
A lullaby for boyhood's sleep,
When tired with rambling through the woods,

Where oft in deepest solitudes,
By stumps festooned with vine and plum,
We stopped to hear the partridge drum.

And, when half lost in dreamy sleep,
How pleasing is the song, peep-peep,
As fancy takes me back once more
Beneath the raftered roof of yore,
To hear above my cot again
The patter of the April rain.

And thus through all the hours of night,
Till morning comes with roseate light,
The frogs their tireless vigils keep,
Whose drowsy, tinkling notes, peep-peep,
Come floating on the perfumed air—
A solace sweet for every care.

THE CONVALESCENT.

He breathes the incense of the morn
In dewy fields and pastures green:
Where at the earliest flush of dawn,
The red fox oft by him is seen,
Stealing along a belt of wood,
The home of deepest solitude.

He hears the click of opening cones,
While underneath a monarch pine;
And lists to pleasing monotones,
As winds sweep through the needles fine.
Beneath, a carpet, russet brown,
Oft lures him from the noisy town.

The cordial of the woods and fields
Makes all his pulses thrill anew;
His malady with promptness yields,

And cheeks take on a ruddy hue;
His flaccid hands grow hard and warm,
And all his limbs round into form.

His health regained, he delves again
In deepest mines of ancient lore,
Discov'ring rare and sparkling gems
Of thought unknown to him before;
With health, new beauties ever rise
To cheer each day his waiting eyes.

UNCLE NATHAN.

THERE is no happier man in town,
  Than Uncle Nathan May,—
How different from Caleb Brown,
  Who lives across the way:
With one, the sky is always bright,
With Caleb, nothing's ever right.

He grumbles when he ploughs his fields,
  And sows them with a doubt,
And prophesies till blade appears
  The seed will never sprout;
In drought, he never fails to fret,
And always grumbles when 'tis wet.

"We're goin' to have a hay-day, sure,"
  Said Uncle Nathan May,
One morning, just as early dawn

Was struggling into day,
"Sich heavy dews in mornin's prime
Are follered by a dryin' time."

"I doubt it very much," said Brown,
"For last night, Colonel Lane
Commenced to mow his meadow lot,
Which always brings a rain:
And mackerel clouds half veiled the sky,
Which leaves the earth not three days dry."

Though doomed through all his life to dwell
Within an humble cot,
Yet Uncle Nathan ne'er was heard
To grumble at his lot:
Nor does he ever fail to bear
His thanks to God, each day in prayer.

No home a warmer welcome gives,
And neighbors never tire
Of dropping in to spend an hour
Beside his evening fire,
And children watch with faces bright
For his return from work at night.

In Spring, when planting-time is o'er,
He waits the genial rain,
And never doubts that harvest days
Will bring the ripening grain;
A trusting faith to him is given,
With hope that anchors sure in heaven.

HALCYON DAYS.

Alas! how changed my early home,
Beside that swiftly flowing stream,
Whose farther shore a green hill meets,
And mirrors through the wavelet's gleam!

The water-fall's sweet hum is heard,
As in the sunny days of yore;
But cot and happy household band,
Alas! alas! are there, no more.

No longer in the wintry days
The ruddy fire-light brightly shines,
But, o'er the tiles of broken hearth,
Creep noxious weeds and tangled vines.

While musing on those early years,
It scarcely seems to me a day
Since, on that fair, secluded spot,
I played the pleasant hours away.

I see the pearly spring within
The quiet orchard's shady nook,
And lane that to the forest leads.
Across the babbling, meadow brook,

Where, 'mid the trembling poplar trees,
I set, with skill, the hidden snare,
And often bore in triumph home
Some victim of my watchful care.

On garden-gate again I swing,
A fair-haired sister oft to please:
And as we journey to and fro
Her tangled tresses catch the breeze.

The house, the well, the aged trees,
In glad review I see once more,
And lilacs, that in spring-time bloomed
Beside the dear old cottage door.

The dreamy hour of evening comes,
And on the kitchen's paneled wall
The cheerful fire-light flickers, as
The deep'ning shadows thickly fall.

The loved ones all are gathered in;
There's gladsome youth and manhood's prime,
And with a captive ear I list
To stories of the olden time.

I see within his favorite nook,
My father, with a thoughtful eye,

While mother, angel of the home,
Is ever softly flitting by.

But sadly changed is that old home,
Since childhood's sunny days of yore,
For cot and happy household band,
Alas! alas! are there no more.

IN MEMORIAM.

A Tribute to the Memory of Bro's Geo. W. Pratt and Samuel Wesley Wood, Written for the Anniversary of the Xi Chapter of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity.

Amid the ever-changing lights and shadows,
That come and go along life's stormy track,
We've seemed to hear a sweet voice softly calling,
"Brothers, come back, again to us come back!"

We're here, once more, at our old Alma Mater,
We meet again the friends we met of yore,
We hear familiar voices kindly speaking,
And grasp the hands so often grasped before.

But, even now, there is a death-knell ringing
Through the hushed chambers of each manly heart,
While music chants her sad and solemn dirges
For the lost votary of her glorious art.

Mute is the lyre he swept with skilful fingers,
And silent, too, the voice that charmed our ears,
While the green laurel Fame for him had woven,
Droops 'neath the baptism of affection's tears.

And from our well-filled ranks we miss another,
Who, in the golden glow of life's fair morn,
Left us to go upon the holy mission
Of pointing darkened souls to Hope's bright dawn.

While she, who stood with him before the altar,
And wore upon her brow the bridal crown,
Bows her young head and weeps in deepest anguish,
That she has seen her life's day-star go down.

To light the lonely sepulchre's dark arches,
The Eastern mourner hangs a lamp above;
So we'll illume their graves through all life's journey,
With the soft star-light of a brother's love.

And when our pilgrim feet shall cross the river
Whose gloomy waters hide a radiant shore,
May we not hope in that fair land to greet them,
Where angel chorus ceases nevermore.

SUNSHINE.

Our little, restless, rollicking boy
Is full of the mischief all day long;
Now he is breaking his last new toy,
And now is singing a cradle-song.

He pulls from his foot the dainty shoe,
And, fixing upon it a tiny sail,
With roseate lips and breath of dew
He floats it across the water-pail.

He comes at evening with weary feet
To lisp his prayer and go to bed;
And soon is lost in a sleep so sweet,
He seems a cherub by cherubs led.

Rarest of jewels, our household joy,
How will it be in the great world's strife?
Good angels lead thee, my darling boy,
Through pathways green to a higher life.

HAVE CHARITY.

Why cast them off though stained with sin;
Temptation came in evil day:
Each has a soul to lose or win,
Have charity, and ever pray.

If he alone who has no stain
Can only cast the primal stone,
Our criminal courts would sit in vain,
As proof of sin could ne'er be shown.

The gentle word and kindly tear
Are precious to the erring one;
They sweeten life in sorrow's year,
And gladden each revolving sun.

If ever thus we gently deal,
Nor spare the magic words of love,
The wounds of sin may quickly heal,
And many saved for worlds above.

SUSPENSE.

I'm waiting for the railroad train
With great anxiety,
For wife and children ever dear,
Who make my home, from year to year,
A paradise for me.

I'm waiting for the railroad train
A full hour overdue:
I walk the platform, up and down,
And try my rising fears to drown,
But tears my cheeks bedew.

I'm waiting for the railroad train,
I list the welcome sound,
But only hum of neighboring mill,
And distant song of whippoorwill
Upon my ears resound.

I'm waiting for the train, and in
Imagination see

Suspense.

A frightful wreck, and everywhere
Are hands upraised in wild despair;
  Extended pleadingly.

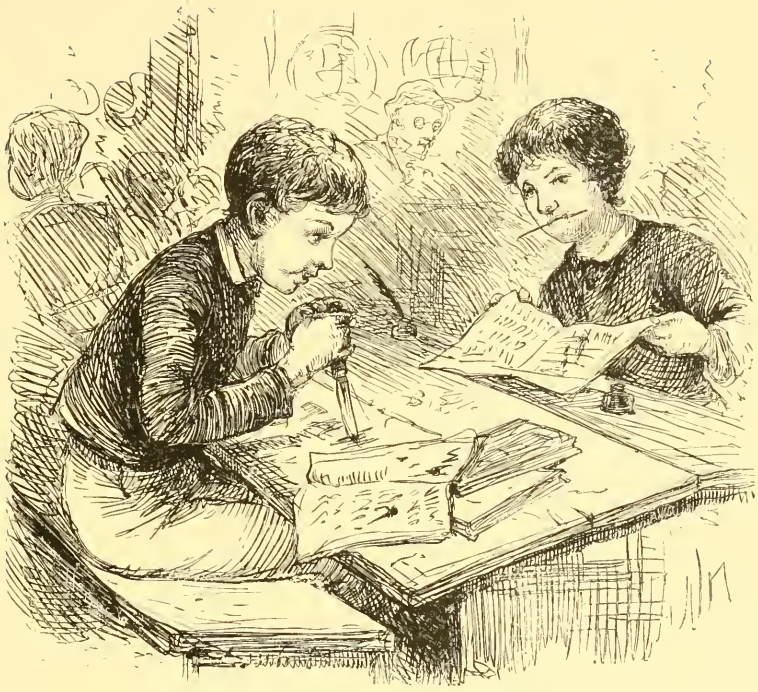
I'm waiting for the tardy train,
  I hear the whistle shrill:
And now the engine's glowing light
Illumes the track on left and right
  And makes my pulses thrill.

I wait with joy the railroad train's
  Approach with stifled hum;
And now fond arms my neck entwine,
And dewy lips are pressed to mine:
  The loved ones all have come.

PANTRY SCHOOL.

I'm thinking of the schoolhouse, Ned,
Where, sitting side by side,
We studied Webster's spelling-book,
And laughed o'er Gilpin's ride;
And traded jackknives now and then,
When not engaged in play,
And got our jackets nicely warmed,
How often I'll not say.

I'm thinking of the roadside green,
Of every tree and nook,
And how, in sultry hours of noon,
We swam in Pantry Brook;
And, when upon the casement came
The ruler's tattoo loud,
How each of us in passing in
Took off his hat and bowed.



I'm thinking of the benches rude,
And desks so broad and steep,
On which we left our autographs,
In letters wide and deep;
And of my first new writing-book,
Without a stain or spot,
So soon adorned, on every page,
With many an off-hand blot.

I'm thinking of the "Old Slough," Ned,
Whose waters dark and cool
So often laved our sunburnt feet,

While on the way to school;
On whose warm rim the tadpoles lay,
In spring-time, many a score,
While golden lilies richly bloomed
In summer, near the shore.

I'm thinking of the forest hoar
Where fir-trees densely grew,
And tired feet in mosses sank,
While hunting gum to chew;
And of the pleasant meadows, where,
On many a scattered tree,
The red-winged blackbird sang in spring,
His love song, "Quonk-a-ree."

I'm thinking of the hour-glass, Ned,
With sands so white and fine,
On which our teacher smiling gazed,
As neared the hour to dine;
But feel my sands ar wasting, Ned,
For oft the children say,
While fondling them upon my knee,
"Papa, you're growing gray."

CHILDHOOD'S THRONE.

Though vacant is the old arm-chair,
In memory's glass I often see
A little boy with flaxen hair,
And upturned face on Grandpa's knee.

He lists to stories quaint and old,
Of Crusoe's home in southern sea,
Of Joseph by his brethren sold,
While sitting on that loved one's knee.

Though lightnings flash across the sky
And angry clouds hang o'er the lea,
He never thinks of danger nigh,
When safe enthroned on Grandpa's knee.

On that dear face he loves to gaze,
But oft the scalding tear can see,
As memories come of early days,
When others sat upon his knee.

Dear mother! at the mention of
Thy blessed name, there comes to me
The sweet thought that, in childhood's year,
You also sat on Grandpa's knee.

The old arm chair is vacant still,
Yet, oft in memory's glass, I see
A dear old face lit up with smiles,
While dandling loved ones on his knee.

THE PARTIAL JUDGE.

A FABLE IN VERSE.

In very ancient times, there came
A Farmer to a Lawyer's door,
Expressing great concern of mind
For what had happened just before.

"A bull of mine your ox has gored,
Kind sir," the Farmer trembling spake,
"And I should be most glad to know
How I can reparation make."

"Thou art an honest man," replied
The Judge, "and will not, sure, decline
To make a speedy settlement
By giving me an ox of thine."

"It is no more than justice," quoth
The Farmer, "as I plainly see,—
But I mistake,—It is *your* bull
That's gored a costly ox for *me*."

"Indeed! ahem!" the Judge replied,
"That alters very much the case;
I must look into the affair,
And *if*—" (he said with puzzled face)

"And *if*" the Farmer sternly spake,
"There would have been no *if*, I find,
Had you in simple fairness let
An equal justice rule your mind."

THE GENITING TREE.

It stood beside an old gray wall
Where eastward slopes the orchard-hill,
Its crooked trunk and pensile boughs
Of luscious fruit I see them still.

There was the winding path we trod,
Worn smooth by little sunburnt feet;
In seeking fruit the codling moth
Made ready in the July heat.

And there, upon the mossy wall,
We saw the squirrels go and come;
And often heard in thicket near
The partridge beat his "throbbing drum."

Full forty years have passed and now
I seek again the dear old tree,
But find a mouldering stump which brings
A flood of memories back to me.

The Greiting Tree.

The old oak grove near by remains,
And scarlet tanagers are seen
With flashing wings, and making still
A pleasant contrast with the green.

The nimble squirrel, too, is there,
His highway still the mossy wall:
And leafy homes are scattered here
And there in oaks and chestnuts tall.

But where are all the loved ones now
Who played beneath the old tree then?
Some passed for aye the "silent bourne,"
And some have grown to gray-haired men.

Remembrance comes of one I loved
Most dearly, who in early prime
Set sail upon an unknown sea,
With passport for a fairer clime.

Still other recollections come,
Of loved ones who, upon the stage
Of life, have fought the battle well,
And lead a heavenly pilgrimage.

When I shall moulder back to dust,
May thoughts as sweet remain for me
As I have cherished long for those
Who played beneath the dear old tree.

ALBUM BRIEFLETS.

The sea of life o'er which we glide
Is flecked with many a snowy sail,
Some idly drifting down the tide,
Some riding out the fearful gale;
May your bark glide with favoring breeze
'Mid perfumed isles in sunny seas.

My daughter, may this Album be
A treasure ever dear to thee;
Reminding, as the years roll on,
Of pleasant friends in days agone.

Live so, my friend, that when life's sun
  Shall disappear in gathering gloom,
The christian's hope may be a star
  To light your pathway to the tomb.

GUARD well your thoughts, for they are heard
In the celestial land,
Through some unknown telegraphy
That angels understand.

As, when the summer thunder storm
Has passed and loitering cloud-bars lie,
In purple beauty, crimson edged,
Along the golden sunset sky,
So, when your storms of life are o'er,
May bright skies arch the other shore.

WHEN, in the coming years, you turn
This Album's pages o'er and o'er,
And scan with moistened eyes the names
Of many loved ones gone before:
Should mine among that number be,
May one warm tear be shed for me.

MAY Christmas bells ring out their cheer
For you, my boy, through many a year,
And greet you oft with merry chime,
While journeying down the road of time.

ONWARD.

Why falter, brother, by the way,
Though rough the journey be:
To-morrow has a brighter day,
Perhaps, awaiting thee:
Up every rugged height we climb,
But one step waits us at a time:
Then onward, onward to the goal,
Nor think of e'er repining;
However dark the boding cloud,
It has a silver lining.

Nor pause when starting, first to view
The toilsome journey o'er;
The distant peaks of misty blue
May dot a peaceful shore,
And frowning hills may only screen
The quiet valleys hid between:

Onward.

Then onward, brother, to the goal,
Nor think of e'er repining,
However dark the boding cloud,
There is a silver lining.

THE END.

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